

Softly Glows the Street Lamp

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By Charlotte Greenwood

Date written May 25th 2016

Softly glows the street lamp

Softly glows the street lamp; pavement damp.
Hedge row overflowing catching with thorns
gutter half blocked; yesterdays season decays
a mulch trodden carried home on souls
to mats to wear it.

Caught in puddles; oil splits the orange
to what is seen with. Revealing limitation.
Ignored, compensated, left to softly
reflect on top of what surrounds
those walking within the pattern.

The evening mix of normal.
Of constants asserted, eroding
into change, neither delayed or slowed.
To those going places exhausted engines
leaving light trails as they growl.

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